

THE CELINA DEMOCRAT

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FRIDAY, December 30, 1910

DENMAN HOLDS CENSUS 1900

Is One on Which to Base Salaries of Incoming County Officials.

An opinion of Attorney General Denman, rendered on the 21st, puts the matter of salaries of incoming county officials up to the Supreme Court for a final verdict.

The State Bureau of Inspection and Supervision wanted to know if county officers would be paid salaries based on the federal census of 1900 or on the last census. The Attorney General held that salaries for county officials elected in November will be based on the 1900 census.

The Attorney General holds that the salaries of county officers elected at the next election and thereafter until the census of 1920 is completed and published will be based upon the census of 1910.

Officials in thirty-nine counties of the State, including Mercer County, would benefit by the Attorney General's ruling, as that number has lost in population, according to the last census.



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Prof. Max Wiegand to Doctor Gustav Strauch. Berlin, November 29.

Dear Gustav: I have some news to tell you today which will certainly surprise you. I have separated from my wife, or rather we have separated from each other. We have come to an amicable agreement henceforth to live entirely independent of each other. My wife has gone to her family in Freiburg, where she will no doubt remain. I am for the present in our old house; perhaps in the spring I may look for a smaller house. . . . perhaps not, for I can hardly hope to find so quiet a workroom as I now have, and the idea of moving appals me, especially when I think of my large library. You will, of course, want to know what has happened, though, to tell the truth, nothing has happened.

My wife and I are too unlike. Between her views of life and mine there yawns an impassable gulf. The first few years I hoped to influence her, to win her to my ways of thinking—she seemed so docile, so yielding, took so warm an interest in my work, so willingly allowed herself to be taught by me. Not till after our children's death did she begin to change. Her grief at this loss—a grief which neither of us has ever been able to live down—matured her. . . . made her independent of me. . . . tendency to morbid introspection took possession of her and gave increased tenacity to those ideas and convictions which my influence had hitherto held in check, though not wholly eradicated. She plunged deeper and deeper into those mists of sentimentally fantastic imaginings, passionately demanding my concurrence in her views. She lost all interest in my professional work, evidently regarding the results of my researches in natural science as troops from an enemy's camp. At last there was hardly a subject in the wide realm of nature and human existence on which we agreed. To be sure we never came to an open quarrel, but the breach between us was constantly widening. Every day we saw more and more plainly that though we lived side by side, we no longer belonged to each other. This discovery irritated and distressed us, and at last forced all other feelings into the background. If we had not once loved each other so dearly, or even if we had

now ceased to feel a mutual respect this state of affairs might perhaps have lasted for years, but our ideas of the true meaning of marriage were too lofty, our sense of our own dignity as human beings too profound to permit us to be content with so incomplete a realization of our ideals. I hardly know who spoke first, but our resolution was at once taken and the decisive words uttered as calmly and naturally as the overripe fruit falls from the tree. For the first time in many years we were able with perfect unanimity of sentiment to discuss a subject of the greatest importance to us both, and this fact alone soothed our overwrought nerves. We parted yesterday with the utmost decorum, without a word of reproach, a note of discord. Memories of our early married life, of the long years we had lived together made it difficult to refrain from some manifestation of tenderness, and I assure you that I never felt greater respect for my wife than at the moment when, all petty considerations cast aside, the true magnanimity of her nature asserted itself.

Prof. Max Wiegand to Dr. Gustav Strauch. Berlin, December 12.

Dear Gustav: Pardon me that I have so long delayed thanking you for your answer of friendly sympathy to my last letter.

I have been in no condition to write, and even now find it difficult. You congratulate me without reserve on a step which you regard as essential to my welfare and to my intellectual development, but you do not take into consideration what it means to separate from one who has for 11 years been one's constant companion, day and night. Indeed, it is only during these last dreary weeks that I myself have realized what the change signifies to me. Habit is all powerful, especially with men who, like you and me, live in the intellectual world and so require a solid substratum.

How are we to take observations from the tower battlements when its foundations are not firmly established? Of course, I am as certain as ever I was that our decision is for the best interests of us both, but in this queer world of ours we can take no step without unlooked for results.

I am bothered from morn till night with trifles to which I have never given a thought since my bachelor days. . . . things which I will not mention, so absurdly insignificant are they. . . . and yet they rob me of my time and destroy my peace. I am at a loss what steps to take to rid myself of the thousand petty cares and annoyances which my wife has hitherto borne for me. These annoyances! Now that the cat is away they think that they can do just as they please, and you have no idea of the silly obstacles over which I am continually stumbling, of the wretched pitfalls which beset my path. Here is one instance out of many. . . . For several days it has been very cold, and I cannot find my fur coat. With the chambermaid's assistance I have turned the whole house upside down, until she finally remembered that my wife, last spring, sent it to a furrier's to be kept from the moth. But to which furrier? I have been to a dozen and cannot find it. . . . If I had only not agreed with my wife that we were, under no circumstances, to write to each other, I should simply ask her. . . . but it is best so. No strain of the commonplace must mingle with the sad echoes of our farewell. No. . . . a farce never follows a drama. Perhaps she might even imagine that I seize the first pretext to renew relations with her. Never!

Today it is six below zero. . . . Prof. Max Wiegand to Frau Emma Wiegand. Berlin, December 14.

Dear Emma: You will be greatly surprised at receiving a letter from me in spite of our mutual agreement, but do not fear that I have any intention of opening a correspondence with you. Our relations terminated with all possible dignity, and the sealed door shall never be re-opened. I have but to ask a simple question which you alone can answer. What is the name of the man to whom you sent my fur coat last spring? Lina has forgotten the address. Hoping soon to receive an answer, for which I thank you in advance. MAX.

Frau Emma Wiegand to Prof. Max Wiegand. Freiburg, December 15.

Dear Max: His name is Palaschke and he is on Zimmer street. I cannot understand Lina's forgetfulness, as

she took the coat there herself. EMMA.

Prof. Max Wiegand to Frau Emma Wiegand. Berlin, December 17.

Dear Emma: I must trouble you once more. . . . for the last time, Herr Palaschke refuses to let the coat go without the ticket, as he has had several disagreeable experiences which have made it necessary to be very strict. But where is the ticket? Hoping that you are well and quite comfortable with your family. MAX.

Frau Emma Wiegand to Prof. Max Wiegand. Freiburg, December 19.

Dear Max: The ticket is either in the second or third upper drawer of the little wardrobe in the dressing room or in my desk, in the right or left place-hole. I could find it in a minute if I were there. I hope your cold is better. I am quite well. EMMA.

Prof. Max Wiegand to Frau Emma Wiegand. Berlin, December 21.

Dear Emma: The ticket is not to be found either in the wardrobe or in the desk. Perhaps it slipped out when you were packing and was thrown away. I can think of no other explanation.

Tomorrow or next day I will again go to Herr Palaschke, and try to wheedle him out of my property by all possible blandishments and assurances, but today I am confined to my room, for my cold has resulted in a severe attack of neuralgia.

I had a dreadful scene with the cook yesterday. On the day of your departure she gave me notice, and when I tried to persuade her to remain she turned on me and told me in a very insolent manner that I knew nothing about housekeeping, and that it was only out of sympathy for her, dear Emma, that she had so long remained with us at such low wages, and that she should leave immediately. I answered calmly, but firmly, that she must stay till the end of her engagement.

Two hours later, after supper, I rang and discovered that she was already gone, bag and baggage, leaving in the kitchen a badly spelled billet doux in which she threatened me with a lawsuit for calling her an "impudent woman," in case I should refuse to give her a certificate of character.

I also suspect that abominable cook of taking my gold sleeve buttons. . . . those left me by Uncle Friedrich. . . . though I have, of course, no proof. Have you any idea where they are? If so please drop me a line. Goodbye, my dear Emma, and I trust you are more comfortable than I am. Your MAX.

Frau Emma Wiegand to Prof. Max Wiegand. Freiburg, December 23.

Dear Max: I have read with much sympathy your account of your little mishaps and annoyances. The cook often spoke to me very much as she did to you, but I put up with it because she is a good cook and only cooks who know nothing are polite. Now you see what I have had to stand for years and that there are problems in that department also which cannot be solved by natural science. I cannot, at this distance, advise you what to do, and should not consider myself justified in doing so now that your intimate relations have been terminated in so dignified a manner, as you truly remark in your first letter. As for the furrier's ticket and the sleeve buttons, I will write you I could find them both in five minutes. You must remember how often you have hunted in vain for a thing which I have found at the first attempt. Men occasionally discover a new truth but never an old truth. Since a correspondence has been begun by you I have a little request to make. I forgot before I left to ask you for the letters which you wrote me during our engagement and which at my request you put in your safe. They are my property and I should like to have them as a reminder of happier days. Will you be so kind as to send them to me? Wishing you a Merry Christmas, EMMA.

Berlin, December 25.

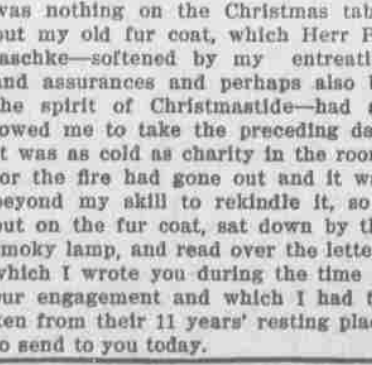
My Dear Emma: Your kind wish that I might have a Merry Christmas has not been fulfilled. I never spent so melancholy a Christmas Eve. You will not wonder that I could not bear to accept the invitations of friends. . . . so I stayed at home, entirely alone. I found it utterly impossible to get a servant before New Year and yesterday was even without a helper from outside. The porter's wife put a cold supper on the table for me early in the afternoon, for she was too busy later with Christmas preparations for her children. A smoky oil lamp took the place of the Christmas tree which you always adorned so charmingly and with such exquisite taste every year, and there were none of those pretty surprises by which you supplied my wants and wishes almost before I was conscious of them. There was nothing on the Christmas table but the old fur coat, which Herr Palaschke—supported by my entreaties and assurances and perhaps also by the spirit of Christmas—had allowed me to take the preceding day. It was as cold as charity in the room, for the fire had gone out and it was beyond my skill to relight it, so I put on the fur coat, sat down by the smoky lamp, and read over the letters which I wrote you during the time of our engagement and which I had taken from their 11 years' resting place to send to you today.

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Dear Emma, I cannot tell you how they have moved me. I cried like a child, not over the tragic ending of our marriage alone, but at the change in myself which I recognize. They are very immature and in many ways not in accordance with my present way of thinking, but what a fresh, frank, warm-blooded fellow I was then, and how I loved you! How happy I was! How artlessly and unreservedly I did I give myself up to my happiness! Till now I have thought that there has been a gradual, slow change in you alone, but now I see that I have also altered, and God knows, when I compare the Max of those days with the Max of today, I do not know to which to give the preference. In the sleepless nights which I have lately spent, I have thought over the possibility of transforming myself into the Max I then was, and grave doubts have suggested themselves whether the differences in our views of matters and things were really as great as they seemed to us, whether there is not outside of them something eternal, human, some neutral ground where we might continue to have interests in common.

Try and see, dear Emma, whether such a voice does not speak also to your soul. We cannot undo the past, but nothing could give me greater consolation in my present unhappy condition than to know that you could say yes to this question, for your departure has left a void in my house and in my life that I can never, never fill. Thy most unhappy MAX.

Frau Emma Wiegand to Prof. Max Wiegand. Freiburg, December 27.

Dear Max: I very willingly gave you information as long as it related only to tickets and sleeve buttons, but I must decline answering the question contained in your last letter. Did you really believe, you old Pedant, that I left your home—which was also mine—because we disagreed in our views of matters and things in general? Then you are mightily mistaken. I left you because I saw more plainly every day that you no longer loved me. Yes, I had become a burden to you. . . . you wanted to get rid of me. If in that dignified parting scene you had said one single tender word to me, I should probably have stayed, but, as usual, you were on your high horse, from which you have now had so lamentable a tumble just because your servants have left you. I too have served you faithfully, though you do not seem to have recognized that fact. I never let the fire go out on your hearth. It was not my fault when it grew cold.

Who knows whether you would have noticed the void left by my going if your fur coat had not also been missing? This gave you an opportunity

of opening a correspondence with me, and it seems to be only fitting that it should now close, since you have once more regained possession of your property. I, at least, have nothing more to say. Goodbye forever. EMMA.

Prof. Max Wiegand to Dr. Gustav Strauch. Berlin, January 8.

Dear Gustav: I have a great piece of news to tell you. My wife returned to me yesterday, and at my earnest solicitation, I thought I could no longer live with her, but I find it equally impossible to live without her. I have just discovered that she too was very unhappy during the time of our separation, but she would never have acknowledged it, for her's is the stronger character of the two. I do not know how to explain the miracle, but we love each other more dearly than ever. We are celebrating a new honeymoon. The great questions of life drove us apart, but it is only the little ones which have reunited us? Would you suppose that one could find a half-dissatisfied heart in the pocket of an old fur coat? The stately edifice of my worldly knowledge totters on its foundation, dear Gustav. I have a great deal to unlearn. MAX.

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IN PROBATE COURT

Herman Fuelling, guardian of Gerhart and Elmore Fuelling, returned and filed order of sale of real estate. Sale confirmed and deed ordered. Last will and testament of Lydia Moate, deceased, filed for probate. For hearing December 26.

Minister's license of Rev. Ira E. Barnes recorded. A temporary restraining order was granted in the matter of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad Co. vs. The Village of Celina.

In the matter of Letitia Griffin, administratrix of the estate of Nathaniel T. Griffin, proceedings to sell real estate, answer and cross-petition of Ira E. Wagner filed. Answer and cross-petition of C. H. Howick filed.

O. Randabaugh, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Rush, deceased, filed partial account. For hearing January 31.

Herman Kohnen, guardian of Frederick Wm. Bruns, filed final account. For hearing January 31.

In the matter of the will of John Peters, deceased, election of Catherine Peters, widow, filed.

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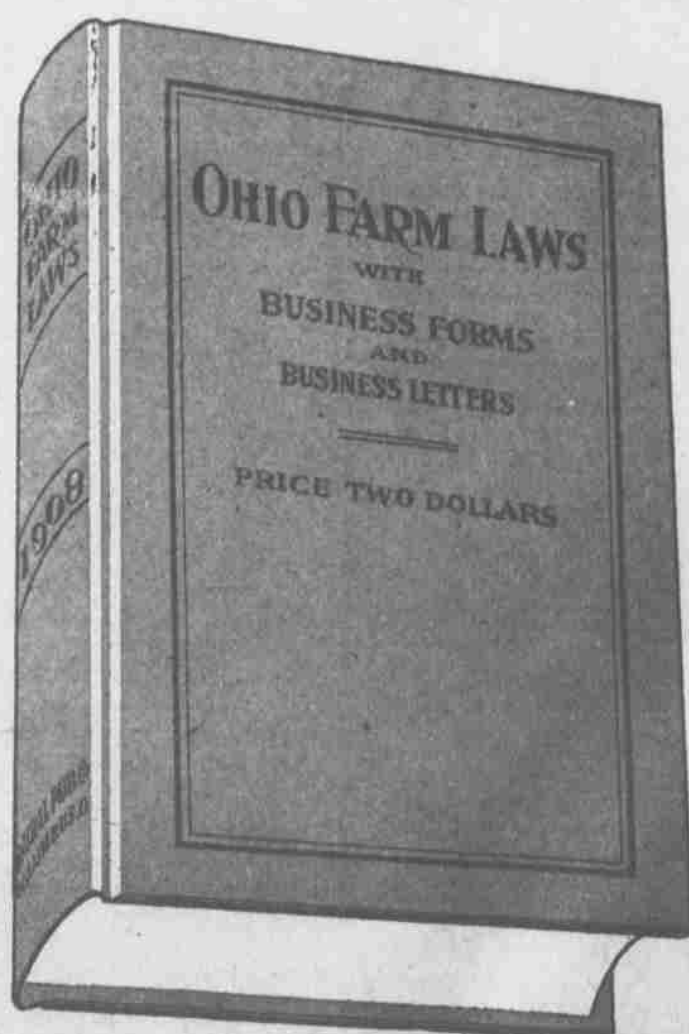
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- 10 Dairy and Food Laws.
- 11 Descent of Property.
- 12 Dower.
- 13 Drainage (Ditch Laws)
- 14 Educational Matters.
- 15 Exemption of Property.
- 16 Farm and Wood Lands.
- 17 Fence Laws.
- 18 Fruits and Fruit Trees.
- 19 Game Laws.
- 20 Grist Mills.
- 21 Health and Humane Provisions
- 22 Husband and Wife.
- 23 Law of Interest.
- 24 Landlord and Tenant.
- 25 Road Laws.
- 26 Taxation.
- 27 Time.
- 28 Time of Commencing Suits
- 29 Trespass.
- 30 Trees and Timber.
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